

True-Born Englishman.

A

S A T Y R.

Statuimus Pacem, & Securitatem, & Concordiam Judicium & Justitiam inter Anglos & Normannos, Francos & Britones, Walliæ, & Cornubiæ, Pictos & Scotos, Albanix, similiter inter Francos & Insulanos Provincias, & Patrias, quæ pertinent ad Coronam nostram, & inter omnes nobis Subiectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter observari.

Charta Regis Willielmi Conquistoris de Pacis Publica, Cap, I.

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The Preface.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho he doubts the Work of Conversation is at a general Stop, has put his Hand in the Plow.

I expect a Storm of Ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whose English Talent, it is to Rail: And without being taken for a Conjuror, I may venture to foretell, That I shall be Cavil'd at about my Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrect Language; Things I might indeed have taken more Care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman; in which they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governors also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries, for belonging to a Nation that wants Manners.

I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our Ill Nature for the contrary here,

Metinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd A Goodfellow, shou'd be civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can dispute our intemperance, while an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a man's Praise? All our Reformations are Banters, and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing.

As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their uneasiness under him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguish'd, are the People aim'd at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowly, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of Pindar: His Words are these;

But in this Thankless World, the Givers
Are envi'd even by th' Receivers:

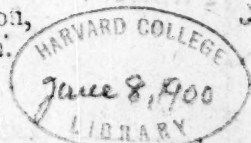
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay an Obligation.

Nay, 'tis much worse than so;

It now an Artifice doth grow,

Wrongs and Outrages th' do,

Least men should think we Owe.



Pierce

THE

The Introduction

Speak, *Satyr*: for there's none can tell like thee,
 Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,
 That makes this discontented Land appear
 Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War:
 Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more
 Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,
And men are always honest in Disgrace:
 The Court-Preferments make men Knaves in course:
 But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.
 'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
 Wou'd Foreigners their Perquisites resign:
 The Grand Contentions plainly to be seen,
 To get some men put out, and some put in.
 For this our S ———rs make long Harangues,
 And florid M ———rs whet their polish'd Tongues.
Statesmen are always sick of one Disease;
And a good Pension gives them present Ease.
 That's the Specifick makes them all content
 With any King, and any Government.
 Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,
 And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:
 But when the *Sou'reign Balsam's* once appli'd,
 The Zealot never fails to change his Side.
 And when he must the *Golden Key* resign,
 The *Railing Spirit* comes about again.

Who shall this Bubbld Nation disabuse,
 While they their own Felicities refuse?
 Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother,
 And now are falling out with one another:
 With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
And always have been sav'd against their Will:
 Who Fifty Millions *Sterling* have disburs'd,
 To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.
 Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
 And yet uneasily obey the New.

Search, *Satyr*, search, a deep Incision make;
 The Poyson's strong, the Antidote's too weak.
 'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,
 And down-right English, *Englishmen* confute.

Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride;
 And with keen Phrease repel the Vicious Tide,
 To *Englishmen* their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so.
 Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,
 And Nations into long Oblivion cast;

To Old *Britanna's* Youthful Days retire,
 And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire,
Britannia freely will disown the Name,
 And hardly knows her self from whence they came :
 Wonders that They of all men shon'd pretend
 To *Birth* and *Blood*, and for a Name contend.
 Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,
 And fetch the dark Original from Hell :
 Speak, *Satyr*, for ther's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born *Englishman*.

P A R T I.

* **W** Hereever God erects a House of Prayer
 The Devil always builds a Chappel there :
 And 'twill be found upon Examination,
 The latter has the largest Congregation :
 For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
 He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.
 With Uniformity of Service, he
 Reigns with a general Aristocracy.
 No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Yoak there's very few complain.
 He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
 And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
 He needs no Standing-Army Government ;
He always rules us by our one Consent :
 His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway
 Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
 The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,
 Outdoes your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*,
 They never fail of his Infernal Aid,
 And he's as certain ne're to be betray'd.
 Through all the World they spread his vast Command,
 And Death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd.
 They rule so politickly and so well,
 As if they were L — — — J — — — of Hell.
 Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
 And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the First Peer, and President of Hell,
 To his share *Spain*, the largest Province, fell.
 The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow
 On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico* ;
 With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru* ;
Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo :
 Because he knew their Genius was such ;
 Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.
 So proud a People, so above their Fate,
 That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.
 Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,
 And Proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
 Never was Nation in the World before,

* An *English* Pro-
 verb, *Where God*
has a Church, the
Devil has a Chap-
pel.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
 Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
 Where swelling Veins o'reflow with living Streams,
 With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* Flames:
 Whole flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
 And human Body of the Soil partakes.
 There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
 Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
 Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
 Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

Drunk'ness, the Darling Favourite of Hell,
 Chose *Germany* to rule; and rules so well,
 No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
 None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.
 The cunning Artist manages so well,
 He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell.
 If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
 He cares not to what Deity they pay,
 What God they worship most, or in what way.
 Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
 They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,
 Where Mankind lives in haste, and thrives by Chance.
 A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue:
 Have oft undone themselves, and others too:
 Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,
 And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.

The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
 And Personally rules with Arbitrary Sway:
 The Mask throw off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands;
 And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
 There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind
 Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
 Worshipp'd as God, his *Painim* Altars smoke,
 Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

The rest by Deputies he rules as well,
 And plants the distant Colonies of Hell.
 By them his secret Power he maintains,
 And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.

By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rush* by Folly:
 Fury the *Dane*: The *Swede* by Melancholly:
 By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovite*:
 The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit:
 Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate:
 And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate:
 The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he subdues:
 And God has giv'n him leave to rule the *Jews*:
 Rage rules the *Portuguese*; and Fraud the *Scotch*:
 Revenge the *Pole*; and Avarice the *Dutch*.

4
The True-Born Englishman.

Satyr be kind, and draw a silent Veil,
Thy Native England's Vices to conceal:
Or if that Task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and show her Virtues too;
Too Great the first, *Alas!* the last too few.

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy, had she remain'd so to this day,
And to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.
Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
*So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,
That ruins her which should be her Defence.*

Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,
Possess'd her very early for his own.
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
Who Satan's worst Perfections does inherit:
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All Devil without, and all within him *Worse*.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd:
By sev'ral Crowds of Wandring Thieves o're-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Pow'rs reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd.
From whose mixt Relicks our compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does succeed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The Romans first with *Julius Caesar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards; and by Computation,
Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation.
With *Hengist, Saxons; Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' *Hibernian Shore*:
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the Normans o're.

All these their Barb'rous Offspring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.
The Customs, Surnames, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They ha' left a *Shibboleth* upon our Tongue;
By which with easy search you may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great Invading *Norman let us know
 What Conquerors in After-Times might do.
 To ev'ry *Musketeer he brought to Town,
 He gave the Lands which never were his own.
 When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
 He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
 No Reassumptions in his Reign were known,
D'avenant might there ha' let his Book alone.
 No Parliament his Army cou'd disband;
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
 He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
 And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
 He canton'd out the Country to his Men,
 And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
 The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them *Lords*,
 To please their Upstart Pride with new-made Words;
 And *Doomsday-Book* his Tyranny records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree
 That so exalts our Poor Nobility.
 'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,
 Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive:
 The Trophies of the Families appear;
 Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear, }
 Which their Great Ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear.
 These in the Heralds Register remain,
 Their Noble Mean Extraction to explain.
 Yet who the Hero was, no man can tell,
 Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
 The silent Record blushes to reveal
 Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass;
 A *True-Born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?
 A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,
 To prove his Well-descended Family.
Conquest, as by the *Moderns* 'tis express,
 May give a Title to the Lands possess:
 But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,
 To make a *Frenchman English*, that's the Devil,

These are the Heroes that despise the *Dutch*,
 And rail at new-come Foreigners so much;
 Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
 From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd.
 A horrid Medley of Thieves and Drones,
 Who ranfack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopl'd Towns.
 The *Pist* and Painted *Britain*, Treach'rous *Scot*,
 By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.
Norwegian Pirates, *Buccaneering Danes*,
 Whose Red-hair'd Offsprings ev'ry where remains.
 Who join'd with *Norman French*, compound the Breed
 From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed.

* Wm the
 Conq.
 * Dr. Archer.

e Dr. Sherl.
 De Facto.

And least by Length of Time it be pretended.
 The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended.
 Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:
 We have been Europe's Sink, the Fakes where she
 Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.
 From our Fifth Henry's time, the Strolling Bands
 Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands.
 Have here a certain Sanctuary found:

The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond.

Where in but half a common Age of Time.
 Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,
 Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
 And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots,
Vaudois and Valloins, and Hugonots,
 In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,
 Suppli'd us with Three hundred thousand Men.
 Religion, God we thank thee, sent them hither,
 Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:
 Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
 All that were persecuted or afraid;
 Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,
David at Haskelah was still their Head.

The Offspring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,
 Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd.
 But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes
 At Foreign Shoals of *Interloping Scots*.
 The e Royal Branch from *Pitt-land* did succeed,
 With Troops of *Scots* and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed*.
 The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign,
 Made him and half his Nation *Englishmen*.
Scots from the *Northren* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
 With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
 Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,
 With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd:
 With Native Truth, Diseases, and No Money,
 Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
 Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
 Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
 Which throng'd in Pious Ch—'s Restoration.
 The Royal Refugee our Breed restores,
 With *Foreign Countries*, and with *Foreign Whores*:
 And carefully repeopled us again,
 Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,
 With such a blest and True-born *English Fry*,
 As much Illustrates our Nobility.

K. F. I.

K. G. II

A Gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear:
 When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,
 Which stream'd in *Lindsey's*, and *Caernavon's* Blood:
 Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,
 Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.
 The Loss of whom, in order to supply
 VVith True-Born *English* Nobility.

Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign,
 The Labours of *Italian C——n*,
French P——h, *Tabby S——t*, and *Cambrian*,
 Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song.

And heal the latent better to advance;

H' invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*:
 Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
 Some for Religion came, and some for Bread:
 Two hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shooes,
 Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose;
 To make us starve our Poor in Charrity.
 In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
 To get a Race of *True-Born Englishmen*:
 Whose Children will, when riper Years they see,
 Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we:
 Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,
 Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began.
 That Het'rogeneous Thing, *An Englishman*:
 In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
 Betwixt a Patinted *Britton* and a *Scot*:
 Whose gend'ring Offspring quickly learnt to bow,
 And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough:
 From whence a Mongrel half-brad Race there came,
 With neither Name nor Nation, Speech or Fame.
 In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
 Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.

While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
 Receiv'd all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.
 This Nauseous Brood directly did contrain,
 The well-extracted Blood of *Englishmen*.

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
 A Rhapsody of Nations to supply,
 Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,
 And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The *Western* Angles all the rest subdu'd;
 No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain;
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain:
 The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
 And *Englishman's* the common Name for all.

Fate jumbld them together, *God knows how*;
 Whate're they were, they're *True-Born English* now.

For as the *Seots*, as Learned Men ha' said,
 Throughout the World their Wandring Seed ha' spread;
 So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
 Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of *England* it was our Saviour meant,
 The Gospel should to all the World be sent:
 Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,
 They to all Nations might be said to Preach.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
 Else God knows where had we our Gentry;
 Since scarce one Family is left alive,
 Which does not from some Foreigner derive.
 Of Sixty thousand *English* Gentlemen,
 Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
 We challenge all our Heralds to declare
 Ten Families which *English Saxons* are.

France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line
 Of *Bourbon*, *Mommorancy*, and *Lorrain*.
 The *Germans* to their House of *Austria* show,
 And *Holland* their Invincible *Nassau*.
 Lines which in Heraldry were Ancient grown,
 Before the Name of *Englishman* was known.
 Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glory shows,
 Her *Gourdots*, *Hamiltons*, and her *Monries*;
Douglass, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*, Names well known,
 Long before Ancient *England* knew her own.

But *England*, Modern to the last degree,
 Borrows or makes her own Nobility,
 And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree:
 Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
 And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:

Her S ————ts, S ———ts, C ———ls, De ——— M ———ns,
 M ———ns and M ———ues, D ———s and V ———rs,
 Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers.
 Your H ———ns, P ———llons, and L ———liers,
 Pass now for True-Born *English* Knights and Squires,
 And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.
 Wealth, howsoever got, in *England* makes
 Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes.
 Antiquity and Birth are needless here;
 'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P ——— r.

Innumerable City-Knights we know,
 From *Blewcoat Hospitals* and *Bredewell* flow.
 Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,
 And Footboys Magisterial Purple wear.
 Fate has but very small Distinction set
 Betwixt the Counter and the Coronet.
 Tarpaulin Lords. Pages of high Renown,
 Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.

Great Families of yesterday we show,
And Lords, whole Parents were *the Lord knows who*.

P A R T II.

THE Breed's describ'd : Now, *Satyr*, if you can,
Their Temper show, for *Manners make a Man*.
Fierce as the *Britain*, as the *Roman* Brave ;
And less inclin'd to Conquer than to Save :
Eager to fight, and lavish of their Blood ;
And equally of *Fear* and *Forecast* void.
The *Pist* has made 'em Sowre, the *Dane* Morose ;
False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse
What *Honesty* they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold ;
And *Englisch* Beef their Courage does uphold :
No Danger can their Daring Spirit dull,
Always provided when their Belly's tull.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
Forgen'rally whate're they know, they speak.
And often their own Councils undermine
By their Infirmary, and not design.
From whence the Learned say it does proceed,
That *Englisch* Treasons never can succeed ;
For they're so open-hearted, you may know
Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double Pay,
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggary :
So lavish of their Money and their Time.
That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime,
Good Drunken Company is their Delight ;
And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.
Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,
But Drink their Youth away, and hurry on Old Age.
Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense ;
And void of Manners most, when void of Pence,
Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,
They always talk too little, or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think ;
And seldom are good-natur'd, *but in Drink*.

In *Englisch* Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll starve themselves and Families.
An *Englischman* will fairly drink as much
As will maintain Two Families of the *Dutch* :
Subjecting all their Labours to the Pots ;
The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots,

The Country Poor do by Example live ;
The Gentry Lead them, and the Clergy drive :
What may we not from such Examples hope ?
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.

A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,
As wise men think there is some cause to doubt,
Will purge Good Manners and Religion out.

Poets long since *Parnassus* have forsaken,
And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken.
Apollo's latly abdicate and fled,
And good King *Bacchus* reigneth in his stead :
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine :
The Inspiration's of a finer Nature ;
As Wine must needs excel *Parnassus' Water.*

Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,
And Soldiers raise their Courages by Wine.
Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,
And lets them all drink Wine to clear the Voice.

Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.
But other less prophane than so, agree,
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory :
And therefore all of them Divinely think,
Instead of Study, 'tis as well to drink.

Even the gods themselves, as Mortals say,
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they :
Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,
They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to Think.
But *Englisb* Drunkards, Gods and men out do,
Drink their Estates away, and Senses too.
Colon is in Debt, and if his Friend should fail
To help him out, must dye at last in Gaol :
His *Wealthy Uncle* sent a Hundred Nobles,
To pay his *Tribes* off, and rid him of his Troubles :
But *Colon*, like a *True-Born Englishman*,
Drank all the Money out in bright Champaign ;
And *Colon* does in Custody remain.
Drunkness has been the Darling of the Realm,
E're since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,
That each man goes his own By-way to Heav'n.
Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,
That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rately,
And fancies none can find the Way but he :
So shy of one another they are grown,
As if they strove to get to Heav'n alone.
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
And ev'ry Grace but Charity, they have :
This makes them so Ill-natur'd and Uncivil,
That all men think an *Englisman* the Devil.

Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend;
 Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind;
 Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
 If by Necessity reduc'd to ask,
 The Giver has the difficultest Task:

If your Mistakes their ill Opinion gain,
 No Merit can thier Favour reobtain:
 And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
 'Tis their unconstant Temper does secure ye:
 Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns;
 For all's condens'd before the Flame returns,
 The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,
 The Humid damps the Fume, and runs it all to Water
 So tho the Inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by Fits, and never angry long.

Then if Good Nature show some slender proof,
 They never think they have Reward enough:
 But like our *Modern Quakers* of the Town,
Expect your Manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,
 Which all Men seek, but very few can find:
 Of all the Nations in the Universe,
 None talk on't more, or understand it less:
 For if it does their Property annoy,
 Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
 All things in which they think they do excel:
 No Panegyrick needs their Praise record?

An Englishman ne're wants his own good word.
 His first Discourses gen'rally appear
 Prologu'd with his own wonderful Character:
 When, to illustrate his own good Name,
 He never fails his Neighbour to defame
 And yet he really designs no wronge;
 His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.
 But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
To satisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale

His own dear Praises close the ample Speech,
 Tells you how Wise he is; *that is, how Rich:*
For Wealth is Wisdom; he that's Rich is wise;
And all men Learned Poverty dispise.

His Generosity comes next, and than
 Concludes that he's a *True-Born Englishman*;
 And they, 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
 Forgetting, and Forgiving Injury:
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
Forgiving Ill Turns, and Forgetting Good.

Chearful in Labour when they've undertook it;
 But out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.

But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
 They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull:
And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.

An Englishman is gentlest in Command;
 Obidence is a Stranger in the Land:
 Hardly subjected to the Magistrate;
For Englishmen do all Subjection hate.
 Humblest when Rich, but peevish when they're Poor;
 And think what're they have, they merit more.

The meanest English Plowman studies Law,
 And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe,
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property's so dear,
 They scorn their Laws or Governors to fear:
 So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
 They can't submit to their own Liberty.
Restraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wise;
But Englishmen do all Restraint despise.
 Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Sots-

Their Governors they count such dangerous things,
 That 'tis their custom to affront their Kings:
 So jealous of the Power their Kings possess'd,
 They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest.
 The Bad with Force they eagerly subdue;
 The Good with constant Clamours they pursue:
And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.

A discontented Nation, and by far
Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:
 Easily set together by the Ears,
 And full of causeless Jealousies and Fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
And never are contented when they're well.
 No Government cou'd ever please them long,
 Cou'd tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.
In this to Ancient Israel well compar'd,
Eternal Murmurs are among them heard

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:
 When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord! what a Noise they made of Slavery.
 In daily Tumults show'd their Discontent;
 Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government.
 And it in Arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of Forces, and not for want of Fear.
 In humbler Tone than English us'd to do,
 At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.

William the Great Successor of Nassau,
 Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw :
 He saw and sav'd them : God and Him they prais'd ;
 To This their Thanks, to That their Trophies rais'd.
 But glutted with their own Felicities,
 They soon their New Deliverer despise ;
 Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,
 Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down :
 Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung ;
For Englishmen are ne're contented long.

The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
 That they who had such Non-Resistance taught,
 Should e're to Arms against their Prince be brought :
 Who up to Heav'n did Regal Pow'r advance ;
 Subjecting *English* Laws to Modes of *France*—
 Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,
 As one cou'd never live, and t'other dye.
 And yet no sooner did their Prince design
 Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine,
 But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside ;
 The Clergy their own Principles deny'd :
 Unpreach'd their Non-Resisting Cant, and pray'd
 To Heav'n for Help, and to the *Dutch* for Aid,
 The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And Pulpit-Champions did the Cause maintain ;
 Flew in the face of all their former Zeal,
 And Non-Resistance did at once repeal.

The Rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
And Men of God became the Men of War.
 The Nation, fir'd by them, to Arms apply ;
 Assault their Antichristian Monarchy ;
 To their due Channel all our Laws restore,
 And made things what they shou'd ha' been before.
 But when they came to Fill the Vacant Throne,
 And the *Pale Priests* look'd back on what they had done ;
 How *England* Liberty began to thrive,
 And Church-of-*England* Loyalty out-live :
 How all their Persecuting Days were done,
 And their Deliv'rer plac'd upon the Throne :
 The Priests, as *Priests are wont to do*, turn'd Tail :
 They're *Englishmen*, and *Nature will prevail*,
 Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
 And Murmur for the Master they Betray'd.
 Excuse those Crimes they cou'd not make him mend ;
 And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
 Pretend they'd not ha' carry'd things so high ;
 And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.

Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing,
Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the King ;

Taken a *Donative* for coming hither,
 And so ha' left their King and them together,
 We had say they, been now a happy Nation.
No doubt we had seen a Blessed Reformation:
 For Wise Men say 't's as dangerous a thing,
A Ruling Priesthood, as a Priest-rid King.
 And of all Plagues which Mankind are a curst,
Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the worst.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd,
 King *James* has been abus'd, and we trepann'd;
 Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Despotick,
 Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick:
 The Revolution's a Phanatick Plot,
 W—— a Tyrant, S—— a Sot:

A Factious Army and a Poyson'd Nation,
 Unjustly forc'd King *James's* Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade,
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd:
And punishing of Kings is no such Crime,
But Englishmen ha' done it many a time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down,
 They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown.
 Titles are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,
 The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings;
 To guide in War, and to protect in Peace:
 Where Tyrants once commence the Kings do cease:
 For Arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,
 It makes the *Tyrant*, and unmakes the *King*.
 If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies reign,
 And Lawless Power against their Oaths maintain,
 Then Subjects must ha' reason to complain.
If Oaths must bind us when our Kings do ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to rebel.

By Force to circumscribe our Lawful Prince,
 Is wilful Treason in the largest sense:
 And they who once rebel, most certainly
 Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.
 If we allow no Male-Administration
 Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;
 Let all our Learned *Sons of Levi* try,
This Ecclesiastick Riddle to untie,
 How they could make a Step to Call the Prince,
 And yet pretend th' Oath and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the Seas
 They're perjurd in the most intense Degrees;
 And without Scruple for the time to come,
 May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom:
 Nay truly did our Kings consider all:
 Their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse;
For Whores and Priests do never want excuses.

But if the *Mutual Contract* was dissolv'd,
The Doubt's explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd :
That King, when they descend to Tyranny,
Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.
The Government's ungirt when Justice dies,
And Constitutions are Non-Entities.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,
From Nature's Universal Parliament.

The Voice of Nations, and the Course of Things,
Allow that Laws superior are to Kings,
None but Delinquents would have Justice cease,
Knaves rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Peace:
For Justice is the End of Government,
As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No man was ever yet so void of Sense,
As to debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle so grafted in the Mind,
Which Nature born, and does like Nature bind :
Twisted with Reason, and with Nature too ;
As neither one nor t'other can undo,

Thus England groan'd, Britannia's Voice was heard ;
And Great Nassau to rescue her, appear'd :
Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate ;
God and the Peoples Legal Magistrate.

Te Heav'ns regard ! Almighty Jove look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his part forsake,
Witness, ye Powers ! it was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us ashamed to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To court the dreadful Casualties of War :

" But where Requital never can be made,

" Acknowledgments a Trebute seldom paid,

He dwelt in Bright Maria's Circling Arms,

Defended by the Magick of her Charms,

From Foreign Fears, and from Domestick Harms.

Ambition found no Fuel for her Fire,

He had what God cou'd give, or Man desire.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,

And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent :

His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find

The People Fickle, Selfish, and Unkind.

Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear

More dreadful than the Dangers of the War :

For nothing grates a Generous Mind so soon,

As base Returns for hearty Service done :

Satyr be silent, awfully prepare

Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear.

Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse

Her Greatful Vows in her Immortal Verse.

BRITANNIA.

*The Fame of Virtue 'tis for which I sound,
And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on solid Virtue swifter flies,
Than Morning Light can spread the Eastern Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And lowd repeating Thunders force it round:
Ecchoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep.
Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return,
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long;
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.*

*My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furl'd,
Rises like the Great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.
Immortal Trophies dwells upon his Brow,
Fresh as the Garlands he has worn but now.*

*By different Steps the high Ascent he gains,
And differently that high Ascent maintains.
Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make War,
And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some fight for Fame, and some for Victory.
He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.*

*William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue:
William's the Darling Subject of my Song.
Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar bring;
Make him at once a Lover and a King.
May he submit to none but to your Arms;
Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your soft Thoughts for him be all sublime;
And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.
May he be first in ev'ry Morning-Thought,
And Heav'n ne're hear a Pray'r where he's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name.
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
May ev'ry chearful Glass as it goes down
To William's Health, be Cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name.
And Musick pay her Tribute to his Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse.
And in Immortals Strains his Deeds rehearse*

And

*And may Apollo never more inspire
The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.
May all my Sons their greatful Homage pay;
His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray.*

*Satyr return to our Unthankful Isle,
Secur'd by Heav'n's Regard, and William's Toil.
To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue;
Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.*

*If e're this Nation be distress'd again,
To whome so'e're they cry, they'll cry in vain.
To Heav'n they cannot have the face to look,
Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke.
To hope for Help from Man would be too much;
Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch:
How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
Were Paid, and Curs'd, and Hurri'd home again.
How by their Aid we first dissolv'd our Fears,
And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.
'Tis not our English Temper to do better;
For Englishmen think every one their Debtor.*

*'Tis worth observing, that we ne're complain'd
Of foreigners, nor of the Wealth we gain'd,
Till all their Services were at an End.*

*Wise men affirm it is the English way,
Never to Grumble till they come to Pay;
And then they always think their Temper's such,
The Work too little, and the Pay too much.*

*As frighted Patients, when they want a Cure,
Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:
But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
The Cure's too Easy, and the Price too Dear.*

*Great Portland ne'er was banter'd, when he strove
For us his Master's kindest Thoughts to move.*

We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd

King James's Secret Councils to divide:

Then we carast'd him as the only Man

Which could the Doubtful Oracle explain:

The only Husha! able to repell.

The Dark Designs of our Achitophel.

Compare'd his Master's Courage to his Sense;

The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince.

On his Wise Conduct we depended much,

And lik'd him ne're the worse for being Dutch.

Nor was he valued more than he deserv'd;

Freely he ventured, faithfully he serv'd.

In all King William's Dangers he has shar'd;

In England's Quarrels always he appear'd:

The Revolution first, and then the Boyre;

In Both his Counsels and his Conduct shine,

His Martial Valour Flanders will Confess ;
 And France Regrets his Managing the Peace.
 Faithful to England's Interest and her King :
 The greatest Reason of our Murmuring.
 Ten Years in English Service he appear'd,
 And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard :
 But 'tis not England's Custom to Retard.
 The Wars are over, England needs him not ;
 Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what.

Schonbergh, the Ablest Soldier of his Age,
 With Great Nassau did in our Cause engage :
 Both join'd for England's Rescue and Defence ;
 The Greatest Captain and the Greatest Prince.
 With what Applause his Stories did we tell ?
 Stories which Europe's Volumes largely swell.
 We counted him an Army in our Aid,
 Where he commanded, no man was afraid
 His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,
 From Villa-Vitiosa to the Rhine.
 France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confess ;
 And all the World was fond of him, but us.
 Our Turn first serv'd we grudg'd him the Command.
 Witness the Greatful Temper of the Land.

We blame the King — that he relies too much
 On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch ;
 And seldom does his great Affairs of State,
 To English Councillors communicate.
 The Fact might very well be answer'd thus
 He has so often been betray'd by us,
 He must have been a madman to rely
 On English G———'s Fidelity.
 For laying other Arguments aside,
 This thought might mortify our English Pride,
 That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd them,
 And none but Englishmen have e'er betray'd him.
 They have our Ships and Merchants bought and sold,
 And barter'd English Blood for Foreign Gold.
 First to the French they sold our Turkey-Fleet,
 And Injur'd Talmarsh next at Cameret.
 The King himself is shelter'd from their Snares,
 Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.
 Experience tells us 'tis the English way,
 Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be too remote,
 A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note,
 Shall give you his own History by Rote.
 I'll make it out, deny it he that can,
 His Worship is a True-born Englishman,
 In all the Latitude that Empty Word
 By Modern Acception's understood.

The Parish-Books his Great Descent record,
And now he hopes e're long to be a Lord.
And truly as things go, it wou'd be pity
But such as he bore Office in the City:
While Robb'ry for Burnt-Offerings he brings,
And gives to God what he has stole from Kings:
Great Monuments of Charity he raises,
And good St. Magnus whistles out his Praises.
To City-Gaols he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobile.
Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,
With which Equipt he thus harangu'd the Town.

His Fine Speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shooes and Sheepskin Breeches,
More Rags than Manners, & more Dirt than Riches:
From driving Cows and Calves to Layton-Market,,
While of my Greatness there appear'd no Spark yet,
Behold I come, to let you see the Pride
With which Exalted Beggars always ride.

Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-Whip grace't me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what course to take,
Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plough-Boy make;
Kindly at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,
And first a *Knave*, and then a *Knight* they vote me.
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care.
To fit me for what they design'd to have me;
And ev'ry Gift but *Honesty* they gave me.

And thus Equipt, to this Proud Town I came,
In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.
Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
Free from the *Guilt and Glory* I enjoy.
The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of *Foot-Boy* all contain'd.
The Greatest Heights from Small Beginnings rise;
The Gods were Great on Earth, before they reach'd the Skies.

B--well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,
Was always to me bountiful inclin'd:
Whether by his Ill Fate or Fancy led,
First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread.
The little Services he put me to,
Seem'd Labours rather than were truly so.
But always my Advancement he design'd;
For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.
Large was his Soul, his Temper ever Free;
The best of Masters and of Men to me.

And I who was before decreed by Fate,
To be made Infamous as well as Great,
With an obsequious Diligence obey'd him,
Till trusted with his All, and then betray'd him.

All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,
Ruin'd his Fortunes to erect my own.

So Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin

To hiss at that Hand first which took them in.

With eager Treach'ry I his Fall pursu'd,
And my first Trophies were *Ingratitude.*

Ingratitude's the worst of Human Guilt,
The basest Action Mankind can commit;
Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,
Has least of Honour, and of Guilt the most.
Distinguish'd from all other Crimes by this,
That 'tis a Crime which no man will confess.
That Sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiv'n
On Earth, altho perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefactor I o'rethrew;
And how shou'd I be to a second true?
The Publick Trust came next into my Care,
And I to use them scurvily prepare:
My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,
And Lent him many a Thousand of his own;
For which, great Int'rests I took care to charge,
And so my Ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor *Judas* was a Fool,
Fitter to ha' been whipt, and sent to School,
Than Sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,
His Master had not been so cheap Trepann'd;
I wou'd ha' made the eager *Jews* ha' found,
For Thirty Pieces, Thirty thousand Pound.

My Cousin *Ziba*, of Immortal Fame,
(*Ziba and I shall never want a Name.*)
First-born of Treason, nobly did advance
His Master's Fall, for his Inheritance.
By whose keen Arts old *David* first began
To break his Sacred Oath to *Jonathan*:
The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath.
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,
Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been there, he ne're had been content
With half th' Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,
That I of all mankind shou'd like the Change:
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
That in it I did my Old Game pursue:
Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,
Which ne're was lost, yet never cou'd be found.

Thus all things in their turn to Sale I bring,
God and my Master first, and then the King;
Till by successful Villanies made bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And so to Forg-y my Hand I bent,
Not doubting I could gull the Government;
But there was ruff'd by the Parliament,
And if I 'scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my *Old Friend*, who printed in my Face
A needful Comptence of *Englis* Brains, *e The Devild.*
Having more business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his Trusty Servant so,
Manag'd the matter with such Art and Skill,
As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the B.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors;
Knighthed, and made a Tribune of the People,
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:
The *Custos Rotulorum* of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*.
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare
Against the Needy Debtor open War.

I hang poor Thieves for stealing of your Pelf,
And suffer none to rob you, but my self.
The King commanded me to help Reform ye.
And how I'll do't, Miss ——— shall inform ye.
I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope in time to bring it into Fashion.
No *Brimstone-Whore* need fear the Lash from me,
That part I'll leave to brother *Jeffery*.

Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at home.
Whoring's the Darling of my Inclination;
'n't I a Magistrate for Reformation?
For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Bard,
For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a just Reward.
In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,
And hir'd Gaol-birds their Huzza's repeat.
Some Charities contriv'd to make a show,
Have taught the Needy Rabble to do so:
Whose empty Noise is a Mechanick Fame,
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

THE CONCLUSION.

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in days of Yore,
In latent Records of the Ages past,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.
For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
The Merit with the Families would end:
And Intermixtures would most fatal grow;
For Vice would be Hereditary too;
The Tainted Blood wou'd of necessity,
Involuntary Wickedness convey.

Vice, like Ill Nature, for an Age or two,
May seem a Generation to pursue;
But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed?
Fools do the Wise, and VVise Men Fools succeed.

What is't to us, what Ancestors we had?
If Good, what better? or what worse, if Bad?
Examples are for Imitation set,
Yet all men follow Virtue with Regret.

Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,
And see their Offspring thus degenerate;
How we contend for Birth and Names unknown;
And build on their past Actions, not our own;
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs deface,
And openly disown the vile degenerate Race:
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
'Tis Personal Virtue only makes us great.

FINIS.
